

The TATLER

and

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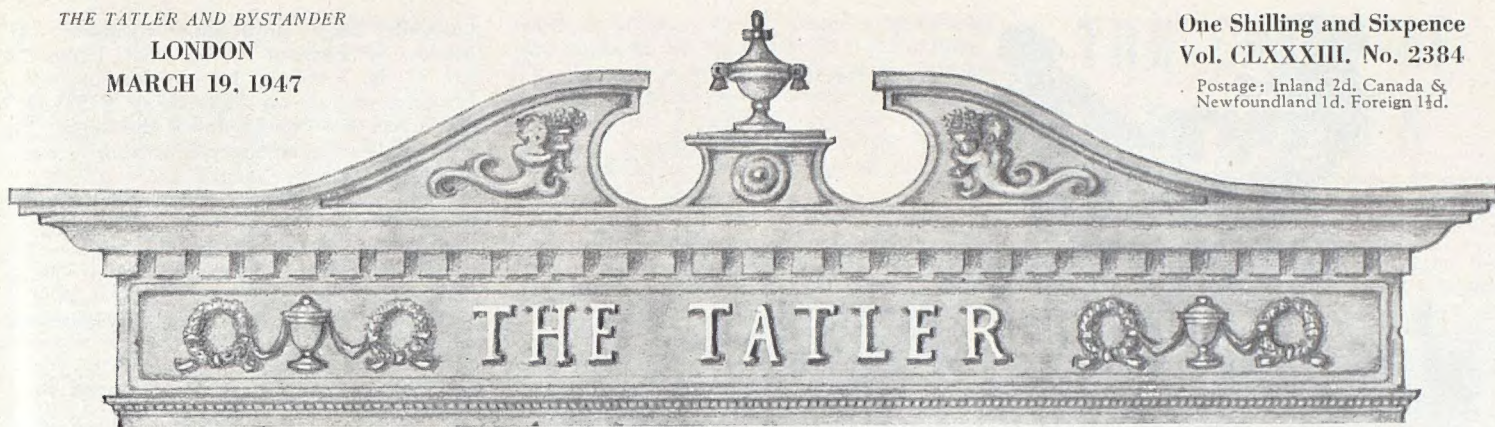
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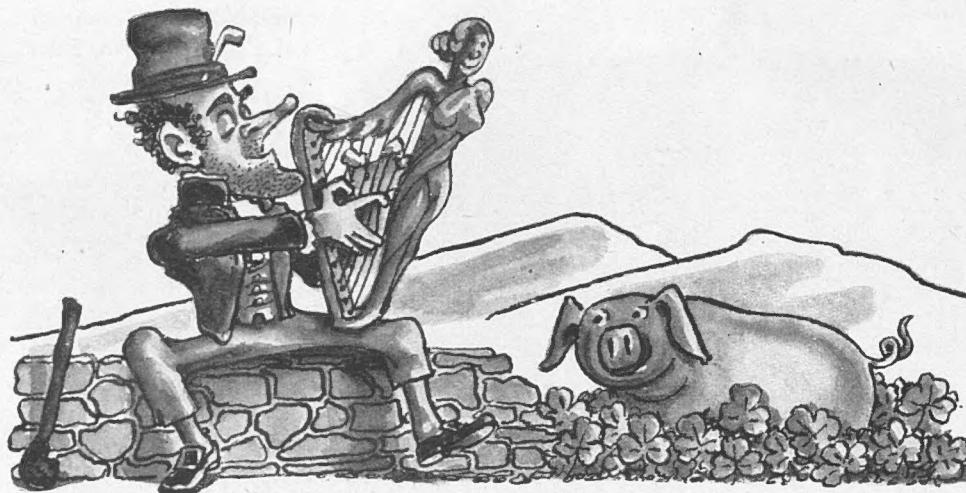
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A model in pure silk from the Younger Set, Gown Dept.



The Princesses at a South African Celebration

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret are taking an increasing part in the various functions and celebrations which are accompanying the Royal Tour of South Africa. Here the Princesses are seen being greeted while on a visit to Lovedale College, Cape Province. Princess Margaret is shaking hands with the headmaster, Dr. R. H. W. Shepherd. More pictures of the Royal Tour will be found on page 332



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

I AM not claiming that this will help anyone's headache (as the barman said when mixing a Mickey Finn); but it is, nevertheless, of some interest to lift an eyebrow in the general direction of St. Patrick's Day so lately celebrated.

That many who wore the shamrock were not so entitled to do, is not in question—unless you hold that any man is entitled to wear anything at any time in any circumstances regardless of the affront he offers to custom and tradition or to the finer sensibilities of fellow citizens.

An even greater number, I take it, were unaware of the background to the shamrock.

A popular, and charming, notion is that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish, he used this small white clover (*trifolium repens*) bearing three leaves upon one stem, as a symbol or illustration of the great mystery. It is not to be supposed that he used it as an argument; such would have been derogatory to the saint's high reputation for orthodoxy and good sense. Nevertheless, it is a curious coincidence that the trefoil in Arabic is called *shamrakh*, and was held sacred in Iran as emblematical of the Persian Triads. Furthermore, our old master, Pliny, in his *Natural History*, says that serpents are never seen upon trefoil and that it prevails against the stings of snakes and scorpions. This, considering St. Patrick's connection with snakes, is remarkable. I therefore judge that previous to his arrival in Ireland, the locals had ascribed mystical virtues to the shamrock, or trefoil, and on hearing of the Trinity for the first time drew the clearest possible conclusions.

Of course, the greatest of St. Patrick's miracles was that of driving the venomous reptiles out of Ireland and rendering the Irish soil an anathema to such for ever afterwards.

Around the time of the Black and Tans, this undoubted fact was heretically questioned by not a few . . . it has also cropped up once or twice since.

A Fight, a Fight!

THINKING upon this, it is proper also to consider fighting. Nor need we confine ourselves to such fighting as pits brawn against brawn. It were more profitable for us to deal with wits, and here we can scarcely put a foot wrong. Recall only the tremendous battle so lushly described by Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the English bibliographer who was born in Calcutta in 1776 and orphaned during the journey home from that city some four years later. His uncle was the prodigious Charles Dibdin who wrote and composed an opera when he was yet aged sixteen years and who once was musical director at Covent Garden for £10 a week.

Thomas was the originator and vice-president of the Roxburghe Club—named after John, Duke of Roxburghe, who died precisely 143 years ago today. And it was of the sale of his Grace's wonderful library in St. James's Square (May, 1812) that the bibliographer wrote as shall now follow:

"At length the hour of battle arrived. For two-and-forty successive days—with the exception only of Sundays—was the voice and hammer of Mr. Evans heard, with equal efficacy, in the dining-room of the late duke. . . . At length came the Valdarfer *Boccaccio*, of which it may be remarked that it had been acquired by the duke's father for only a hundred guineas.

"It was supposed to be the only faultless copy of the edition in existence. I have a perfect recollection of this notorious volume, while in the library of the late duke. It had a faded yellow morocco binding, and was a sound rather than a fine copy. The expectations formed of the probable price for which it would be sold were excessive; yet not so excessive as the price itself turned out to be. The marked champions were pretty well known beforehand to be the Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Blandford and the Duke of Devonshire. Such a recontre, such a 'shock of fight,'

naturally begot uncommon curiosity. My friends, Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. Lang, and Mr. G. H. Freeling, did me the kindness to breakfast with me on the morning of the sale—and upon the conclusion of the repast, Sir Egerton's carriage conveyed us from Kensington to St. James's Square.

"The rain fell in torrents as we lighted from the carriage and rushed with a sort of impetuosity to gain seats to view the contest. The room was crowded to excess; and a sudden darkness which came across gave rather an additional interest to the scene. At length the moment of sale arrived.

The Handkerchief Falls

EVANS prefaced the putting up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated upon its excessive rarity, and concluded by informing the company of the regret and even 'anguish of heart' expressed by Mr. van Praet (librarian to the Emperor Napoleon) that such a treasure was not to be found in the Imperial Collection at Paris. Silence followed the address of Mr. Evans. On his right hand, leaning against a wall, stood Earl Spencer: a little lower down and standing at right angles with his Lordship, appeared the Marquis of Blandford.

"Lord Althorp stood a little backward to the right of his father, Earl Spencer. Such was 'the ground taken up' by the adverse hosts. The honour of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, who seemed to recoil from the reverberations of the report he himself had made—'One hundred guineas' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the biddings rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but marked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased; and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other, resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths. 'A thousand guineas' was bid by Earl Spencer—to which the Marquis added 'Ten.'

"You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned—all breathing well-nigh stopped—every sword was put home within its scabbard—and not a piece of steel was seen to move or to glitter except that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand. See, see! They parry, they lunge, they bet; yet their strength is undiminished, and no thought of yielding is entertained by either.

Pause For Reflection

TWO thousand pounds are offered by the Marquis. Then it was that Earl Spencer, as a prudent general, began to think of a useless effusion of blood and expenditure of ammunition—seeing that his adversary was as resolute and 'fresh' as at the onset. For a quarter of a minute he paused; when my Lord Althorp advanced one step forward, as if to supply his father with another spear for the purpose of renewing the contest.

"His countenance was marked by a fixed determination to gain the prize—if prudence, in its most commanding form, and with a frown of unusual intensity of expression, had not made him desist. The father and son for a few seconds converse apart; and the biddings are resumed. 'Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds,' said Lord Spencer. The spectators were now absolutely electrified.



The Marquis quietly adds his usual 'Ten'—and there is an end of the contest.

Van Praet in Despair

THE echo of that fallen hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St. Mark. Boccaccio himself started from his slumber of some five hundred years; And van Praet rushed, but rushed in vain, amidst the Royal book-treasures at Paris, to see if a copy of the said Valdarfer Boccaccio could there be found. The price electrified the bystanders, and astounded the public. The Marquis's triumph was marked by a plaudit of hands, and presently after he offered his hand to Lord Spencer, saying, 'We are good friends still!' his Lordship replied, 'Perfectly, indeed I am obliged to you.' 'So am I to you,' said the Marquis, 'so the obligation is mutual.' He declared that it was his intention to have gone as far as £5,000. The noble Marquis had previously possessed a copy of the same edition, wanting five leaves; 'For which five leaves,' Lord Spencer remarked, 'he might be said to have given £2,600.'

Yes, indeed, it was a famous fight and Dibdin no less famously recorded it. No such praise could be awarded a further work of his bearing the title (well worth rolling round the palate) *A Library Companion, or the Young Man's Guide and Old Man's Comfort in the Choice of a Library*.

This powerful piece was designed to point out the best works in all departments of literature—a task which one might think sufficiently ambitious. But, it seems, his culture was not broad enough to render him competent for the job, and the work was severely criticized. Alas, poor Dibdin. The error is one into

which many have fallen. And as for critics, why of course, our unkind world is full of them. The TATLER is weekly the target for barbed comment from the most unsuspected quarters. In the last few days I have received a number of letters respecting that page at the back of this magazine in which weddings are recorded; very critical letters.

Oafs, Curmudgeons and Dogs

"SIR," writes one fellow, "you obviously have a very large number of wedding photographs to choose from; could it not be possible SOMETIMES to present a marriage page of attractive weddings and couples. My edition of your paper is seen by a great number of friends on the Continent all of whom remark on the unattractiveness of British bridal couples. I trust I shall be able to congratulate you upon rectifying this fault in the near future."

Another says, "Don't dare leave out or change those wedding pictures. I rely upon them to keep me single."

Gentle readers! What have we here? A *camarilla*? A monstrous ganging-up of rheumy-eyed bachelors who say with their barbed pens what they dare not sustain with their unctuous tongues?

I cannot and will not be a party to their impertinences; for all women are wonderful, although some (it is true) are more wonderful than others.

Interesting—and True

THE Central Office of Information recently ordered several scores of copies of one particularly good picture of Prince Philip of Greece. They are for distribution principally to newspapers overseas.

THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



Mme. Richard Franassovici, wife of the Rumanian representative in London

STUDYING a certain Salon in the heart of London, a visitor from any neighbouring state would have been impressed by the collection of men and women representing power, influence and intelligence throughout the civilized world. The guests were statesmen, ambassadors, and ministers of all ranks and degrees, British and foreign.

They had shaken hands with and come to honour the Heir-Apparent to the throne of Saudi Arabia, the Amir Sa'ud, eldest

son of the King of the Hejaz and of Nejd and its dependencies.

By the Crown Prince, who wore Arabian dress, stood His Excellency Sheikh Sir Hafiz Wahba, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Saudi Arabia at St. James's, also members of the royal delegation to the United States. They were all concluding their stay in Britain as guests of the Government, and on the point of returning home.

DIPLOMATISTS' problems are not often settled at official conferences, but are frequently smoothed out at dinners, luncheons, and receptions like this one at the Dorchester. The constituents of a dozen dramatic scenarios were here in abundance, yet uninitiated guests would be hard put to it to recognize the potential drama in almost every corner.

Earnest discussions, for example, centred around the young sportsman Ambassador from Egypt, and, not many paces away, the monosyllabic, smiling envoy from Turkey, both accompanied by lesser officials. Also deep in conversation were the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, the Yugoslav Ambassador with attractive Mme. Ljubo Leontic, and the Saudi Arabian First Secretary, Dr. El-Sayed Jamil Dawoud El-Mussallamy.

All the Middle East is watchful, and movements of the star actors and personages like the Lebanese Minister (just promoted to Minister of Finance in Beirut), the Syrian envoy and the popular representative of the King of Transjordan, provide clues to a puzzle that concerns the well-being of all the nations on earth.

WITH the coming, or signing, of peace treaties with Germany's satellites, changes are being wrought in houses which the chances of war left empty. The lonely caretakers who lived there during those strenuous years are going, the imposing butlers are back, the footmen, and all the glitter that frames the picture of diplomacy the world over.

As I stepped into No. 1 Belgrave Square, and entered the familiar rooms on the ground floor, I was forced to recall the painful days and nights of 1939 and 1940, when scarcely armed we stood on the brink of frightening tomorrows. I listened again across the lavish table to the giant Dr. Virgil Viorel Tilea, C.B.E., appraising the situation with rare prescience, and to Dr. Leslie Burgin promising aid to Rumania.

AND now? After seven years I was being welcomed by the old-time counsellor, "Dimmie" Dimancescu, and the ebullient Mons. G. Moorgu, and I was listening to the handsome representative of the Rumanian Government in the United Kingdom since last year, M. Richard Franassovici, who will be styled Minister when the treaties are ratified in April or May. He spoke candidly, this former Liberal M.P. for his native Turnu Severin on the Danube. His years as Ambassador in Poland and France have given him poise and dignity. And his main story? Famine in Europe's granary state. But Rumania's days of plenty will return. Franassovici's eyes spell courage.

George Bilainkin.

QUEEN MARY ATTENDS A FILM PREMIERE



Her Majesty Queen Mary, with the Marquess of Carisbrooke, the Duke of Gloucester, and Mrs. Warren Pearle (organizer), arriving for the premiere of "The Best Years of Our Lives" at the Leicester Square Theatre. More photographs of the premiere are on page 331

SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

The Man From the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

The White Devil (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Gleam (Globe). Warren Chetham Strode's new play based on another of the most important of today's problems gives food for thought and good entertainment.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Haymarket). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Rossiters (Lyric, Hammersmith). Diana Wynyard in a dramatic play on the eternal triangle theme.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

Truant in Park Lane (St. James's). Dame Lilian Braithwaite and Ronald Young in James Parish's new play.

The Shop at Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Arthur Young and Victoria Hopper in a thriller with an unusual ending.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

Caviar To The General (Whitehall). An amusing satirical comedy on Russian-American relations with some delightfully wicked performances from Eugenie Leontovich, John McLaren and Bonar Colleano, Jr.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Pacific 1360 (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operatic version of the life of Grieg. Music, spectacle and ballet and some fine singing.

Under the Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.

The Wizard of Oz (Saville). Claude Hulbert, Walter Crisham and Raymond Lovell are among those in the all-star cast of this delightful American children's classic. (Last week.)



Sketches by
Tom Titt

The Young Lovers, the present Earl of Lyndon (Peter Coke) and his penniless but most attractive American fiancée Louise Packard (Faith Brook), have something of an argument

At the

"Truant in Park



"John," the deceased Earl (Roland Young) temporarily in the body of a person from Shepherd's Bush, somewhat disconcerts his widow

"MEN rich in charm," as Logan Pearsall Smith remarked, "usually live up to the extreme limit of their means"; and that was how, by all accounts, the late Lord Lyndon had always lived. The ladies remember him as a fine figure of a man with something which circumstances compelled them to call irresistible in his way with them, and even his widow, though wistfully recalling that he was rather a bad penny, deeply regrets the loss of his irresponsible but engaging humour. It was a good idea to bring this spoiled child of fortune back to his Park Lane home in the shocking clothes and stocky body of a little Shepherd's Bush tobacconist.

But having got the good idea, the author, Mr. James Parish, makes disappointingly little of it. He might use the ghost to settle all sorts of vexed questions. What is that indefinable something which constitutes charm in a man? Is it dependent on a fine figure, an aquiline nose and gazelle-like eyes? If so, how explain the notorious fact that the loveliest women, after breaking the hearts of all the good-looking men of their acquaintance, are apt to be found at the altar beside stocky little men with bald heads and bristly moustaches?

Isn't charm something that reeks nothing of personal appearance, and wouldn't the gay and raffish ghost of Lord Lyndon be as gay and raffish as ever even though he were doomed to be a very small figure of a man? And wouldn't there be admirable comedy in the spectacle of the born charmer groping in vain for the once irresistible airs and graces now denied him by physical shortcomings?

Mr. Parish avoids all the questions that would make for comedy and yet determines that his play shall be comedy, not farce. He shows his revenant "behaving as if the place belonged to him." This is simple stuff and obviously requires the quick action and the fantastic situations of farce. But the action is extraordinarily slow and the principal situation is that in which the ghost, objecting to his son's intention of marrying that contradiction in terms, a penniless American, interferes and is shown the door.

He gets away with a little of his wife's money,

BACKSTAGE



The Medium, Mrs. Fishwick (Gladys Henson), is introduced to the Countess by the urbane Earl, and finds the whole situation very discomforting

Theatre

Lane" (St. James's)

and there is a half-hearted suggestion that we have been shown only one of the ways in which irresponsible ghosts amuse themselves, but our final impression is that the champagne worked in the first act turned out to be deploringly flat.

In the piece keeps the stage, the author may thank his actors. Mr. Roland Young, who left London thirty-five years ago to the enormous gain of American films, returns to play the translated peer. All that is wrong with his performance is that it shows Lord Lyndon to be Lord Lyndon still. He may have lost presence but he has preserved his accent and clearly he has only to lift a finger to resume his old sovereignty over the ladies.

The wintry smile breaking suddenly over the dead landscape of the little tobacconist's face, however often repeated, has always the effect of a pleasant joke, and Mr. Young almost persuades us of the freshness and wit of the scene of the ghost listening with wry resignation to what a former mistress now thinks of her old lover. He is especially good when he arrives at his house all wrists and ankles and little by little convinces the dowager of his identity. Here the author still has his idea well in hand, and if he had kept control of it to the end Mr. Young might have celebrated his return to the stage with a truly sparkling performance.

DAME LILIAN BRAITHWAITE is in an even worse plight. As the widow she has to treat a fantastic character as though he were something she understood. She extricates herself (or does she?) by assuming the graceful air of a regal hostess aware that she hasn't the slightest idea of whom she may be entertaining and quietly amused at the absurdity of the situation. Miss Gladys Henson makes a helpful appearance in the last act to explain how the spiritualistic séance at Shepherd's Bush somehow slipped and left her of a good, quiet little husband; and Miss Faith Brook plays the penniless American with the natural assurance which heredity so often confers on the daughters of famous actors.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Hermione, Countess of Lyndon (Dame Lilian Braithwaite), who is amazed at the appearance of this uncouth body from another world answering to the name of her late husband

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON (who will appear as John of Gaunt) is to produce *Richard II* which opens at the New Theatre on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23. It will be the last production during the present season of the Old Vic Company which ends on May 24. Plans for the next season have not yet been formulated but the company is due to appear at the Edinburgh Drama Festival at the end of August when it is likely that Richardson and Alec Guinness will be among the principal players.

Guinness's performance as Richard is something to look forward to for since this young actor joined the Old Vic Company he has shown astonishing versatility in a variety of parts. The Fool in *Lear*, the wastrel son in *An Inspector Calls*, de Guiche in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and Abel Drucker in *The Alchemist*, have established him as one of the most promising of our younger actors.

AUDITIONS have been in progress for some time for *Annie Get Your Gun*, which will be the next show at the Coliseum, and preparations will begin soon for *Oklahoma*, which will eventually succeed Noel Coward's *Pacific 1860* at Drury Lane. Both productions have been phenomenal successes on Broadway, and have broken records set up by such old favourites as *Rose Marie* and *Show Boat*.

America certainly knows how to produce these big-scale musical shows, and I have no doubt that the London replicas will repeat the success which that other American importation, *The Song of Norway*, has enjoyed at the Palace where, having recently celebrated its first birthday it has been seen by over 750,000 people. It continued to draw well even during the chilliest nights of the Arctic spell.

JOHN TYERS, the handsome young American who has made a definite hit in *Romany Love* at His Majesty's, had just reached stardom on Broadway when America came into the war. He immediately joined the U.S. Army Air Force, and subsequently took part in many actions in the Philippines.

When the fighting ended he organized, with other artists in the Air Force, an entertainment unit and toured the isolated camps all over the Pacific. Since he arrived in England he has met several Englishmen who recognized him after having seen him in shows at camps where British and American troops were stationed.

MAKING his first West End appearance in *A Truant in Park Lane* at the St. James's, in which he plays the part of the sleek Mayfair blackmailer, is Brian Worth, a good-looking, well set-up young actor who had played a few small parts on the stage and in films when war broke out. In the years between he managed to cram in a good deal of adventure and excitement.

He joined up as a foot-slogger in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, but because of his proficiency in languages he eventually became a staff captain in the Intelligence Corps. There as part of his job he had to qualify as a paratrooper. He took part in many raids and had many narrow squeaks.

Then by way of a change he did some important Scarlet Pimpernel work. During a visit to Spain he married a beautiful blonde Spaniard who recently presented him with a daughter. He says the lure of the footlights was too strong to resist, so he returned to England to resume a stage career.

AMONG the many clever young people in *Between Ourselves* at the Playhouse is Wallis Eaton who, though this is his first appearance in revue, puts up a performance which in variety and versatility reminds me somewhat of the art of Nelson Keys.

It is difficult to recognize Eaton, for in make-up, voice and expression he varies his parts so skilfully that you have to consult your programme to trace him. His characters include a country yokel, a lisping Edwardian Guardsman, a displaced person, a Labour M.P., a Yorkshire greengrocer, a sailor, a Russian and a noble duke in the naughty nineties. There's variety for you!

Beaumont Newhall

JAMES AGATE has been seedy (working sixteen hours a day for six years without a holiday) and is now at Brighton recuperating. From there he writes:

At The Pictures

Hail Columbia, and Why Not?

THEY can't help crowing," said Mark Tapley about America's Hannibal Chollop. "They was born to do it, and do it they must, whatever comes of it." Nations can be divided into crows and non-crowers. Take our dear friends, the French. I remember a visit I paid to Ypres eight years after the conclusion of the first World Peace. Shortly after leaving Dixmude we saw the first of the monuments, that erected to Guynemer by his brother airmen. This turned out to be essentially French in its exquisiteness of form, and also, be it said, in the unashamed rhetoric, almost the theatricality, of its inscription.

At the top of a tall and elegant column is a flying stork, neck and legs outstretched, supported, one gathers, by the dropped wings. On the plinth is a bronze inscription which Cyrano de Bergerac might have devised, acclaiming Guynemer as individual hero—"Héros légendaire tombé en plein ciel de gloire"—but also presenting him as symbol of the qualities of the French race and an example "meet for the noblest emulations." But in reading this rhapsody you forget the humble dead and remember Corneille! And the purpose of a memorial is not to make one forget.

A MILE or so farther stands another monument. From a granite sheath grow the head and shoulders of a Canadian soldier. The head, crowned with the familiar helmet, is bent, the hands are folded upon a reversed rifle; the soldier watches over those who sleep beneath. On the front of the plinth is the single word "Canada." On the sides, in raised yet hardly decipherable lettering, is the bare statement:

"On this spot 18,000 Canadians on the British left withstood the first German gas attack, April 22-24, 1915. 2,000 fell and were buried here."

This has almost the power of the Greek: "Stranger, depart and tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here obeying their laws." One bowed the head in humble acceptance; the bravest ornament would have been out of place. The Guynemer monument was a pretty thing and a fine gesture; this was the soul of those who fell. All that the foregoing means is that to the French mind the French monument, too explicit for English taste, is the correct thing. And I have equally little doubt

that to a Frenchman the Canadian monument must seem pitifully inadequate.

ANOTHER illustration before I make my point. Query: Why is America God's own country? Answer: Because God's own Americans live in it. If I were an American I should see nothing wrong in this; as an Englishman I might feel the same about my country, but nothing would induce me to give expression to that feeling. There is the old story of the two Englishmen looking at a magnificent sunset. "Not so dusty!" said one. "No need to rave about it like a bloody poet!" replied his friend. That's us, dear English reader. And any dear American reader who may happen to see this!

THERE is a famous passage in *Stalky & Co.*; it occurs in the tale called "The Flag of their Country." Mr. Raymond Martin, M.P., had come down to the Coll. to address the boys on patriotism, and had concluded his speech by pulling a Union Jack out of his pocket and waving it.

"They looked in silence. They had certainly seen the thing before—down at the coastguard station, or through a telescope, half-mast high when a brig went ashore on Braunton sands; above the roof of the Golf Club, and in Keyte's window, where a certain kind of striped sweetmeat bore it in paper on each box. But the college never displayed it; it was no part of the scheme of their lives; the Head had never alluded to it; their fathers had not declared it unto them. It was a matter shut up, sacred and apart. What, in the name of everything caddish, was he driving at, who waved that horror before their eyes? Happy thought! Perhaps he was drunk."

And *Stalky & Co.*, under their breaths, called the perpetrator of this outrage "a Flopshus Cad, an Outrageous Stinker, and a Jelly-bellied Flag-flapper."

IT may be that to some English taste *The Best Years of Our Lives* (Leicester Square) is what *Stalky* would have called a trifle too Raymondiferous. I do not find it so. "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land . . ." wrote Scott. Note that "to himself" is the operative phrase. Your

American is not so shy. "We'll get a nice view of the good old U.S.A.," says one of the three returning Servicemen peering out of the aeroplane window. The note is struck over and over again. A little too often for us, perhaps; I can conceive that for Americans it cannot be struck often enough. "We are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream of human natur', and the flower of moral force. Our backs is easy ris. We must be cracked up, or they rises, and we snarls. We shows our teeth, I tell you, fierce. You'd better crack us up, you had!" Thus Mr. Chollop.

This film cracks up America and Americans, and for the life of me, I can't see why it shouldn't. Didn't *Mrs. Miniver* crack up England and the English? I am reminded of the Babu who wrote about his father: "So saying, he turned his face to the wall and died *sotto voce*." The English, with their backs to the wall, fight, so to speak, *sotto voce*. The American in the same circumstances gives tongue. The Frenchman spouts Corneille. Each after his kind.

THE *Best Years of Our Lives* is a grand film. It is conceived, as it were, on the ground floor and remains there. No high-faluting, no sudden excursions into verse blank or free. (What a nice, jolly, highbrow mess Maxwell Anderson would have made of it!) Realistic, non-sentimental or perhaps breathing the right kind and amount of sentiment, no symbolism, no highbrow skylarking, no monkeying with the camera. Just a plain tale of three returning Servicemen and how they are going to fit themselves into a life that has become strange to them, and how and to what extent that life is going to re-open its arms to them. So good a film that I didn't hear any music or notice whether it is in Technicolor or not.

THERE are some lovely performances. Do I quite believe that Fredric March would get drunk in front of his wife and daughter on his first night home? Perhaps not, but that isn't the actor's fault, and everywhere else he is admirable. Do I quite see Dana Andrews serving sundaes in a drug store? Here again this is the fault of the scenario which "underparts" the good-looking fellow. Again the actor is first-rate whenever the script permits of first-rateness. Myrna Loy is exquisite, and Teresa Wright is very good indeed.

But the best playing of all comes from Harold Russell as the mutilated sailor. It is not the hooks which take the place of hands that do the trick. Somebody—William Wyler the director, Gregg Toland, the cameraman, Mr. Russell himself?—somebody has given this amateur actor's portrayal of blunt honesty, unforced resolution, and homely spirituality a pathos that is irresistible. In my view this film has only one fault. It is at least three-quarters of an hour too long, against which there is some unexpected wit. Thank you, Mr. Goldwyn.

The Blood and Thunder Boys in the Michael Balcon Film "Hue and Cry"





Mr. David Macdonald and Patricia Roc, the film actress, who will shortly be seen in "The Brothers"

Premiere for the Victory Club

At the Leicester Square Theatre

The Best Years of Our Lives, which had its première recently, has been hailed as a brilliant, moving and most sincere film. It is produced by Samuel Goldwyn. The première made £4000 and the proceeds went to the Victory (Ex-Services) Club fund, of the Ladies' Committee of which Mrs. Attlee is the President. The chairman of the première committee was Mrs. Warren Pearl



Herbert Wilcox and his wife, Anna Neagle. Their next production will be "The Courtneys of Curzon Street"



The Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Cheng, and his daughter, Miss Cheng Ying Wan



The Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Berckmeyer were among the audience.



Mrs. Williams, Mrs. John Hibbert and the Saudi Arabian Minister



Capt. Turner-Bridger, Mrs. Moseley Leigh, Miss Diana Cross and Capt. Michael Turner-Bridger



Gen. R. A. D. Brooks and Mrs. Brooks buying a programme from Miss Virginia Curtis-Bennett



Mrs. Vera Biggs, who organised the successful première, and Miss Moira Lister



Mr. F. J. Bellenger, the War Minister, and Mr. Sam Goldwyn, Jr.



Viscount Leverhulme, Mr. Wolff and Major-Gen. Davidson were also there.



Marie Marchioness of Willingdon and the Countess of Middleton



Mrs. A. V. Alexander and Mrs. Ernest Bevin in the foyer



Two more arrivals were Capt. and Mrs. Colquhoun



Mrs. Attlee chatting to Viscountess Leverhulme



His Majesty, watched by the Queen, signs the "Golden Book" at the Crusader Ground, Port Elizabeth, where they were greeted by a large concourse of ex-Servicemen and schoolchildren

THE TOWNS OF CAPE PROVINCE WELCOME THEIR MAJESTIES

A Progress Accompanied by Remarkable Demonstrations of Loyalty and Affection



The Royal party driving through Grahamstown, where 9000 coloured subjects with their native chiefs awaited their Majesties



Native students chatting with the King during the Royal visit to Lovedale, a mission station founded by Presbyterians in 1824

Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat Give a Reception To Celebrate Their Wedding



Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat, whose wedding took place at Tarbat House, Ross-shire, recently.



Princess Indira of Kapurthala and Lord Dunboyne, of Vale House, Clewer, Windsor, who succeeded his father in 1945



Mr. James Seymour and Mrs. Barbara Somerville chatting in the foyer



Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Page. Mrs. Page is Elsie Randolph, the actress



S/Ldr. and Mrs. Carpenter were among the guests. The reception was held at Mrs. Celia Jackson's flat at 37, Grosvenor Square.



Mr. Mark Perel, Mrs. Celia Jackson, in whose flat the party was given, and Mr. G. Kocens



Mr. Arthur Macrae and Joyce Carey, the actress and playwright



Princess Gayane Mickeladze, Mrs. Crossan, Air Vice-Marshal Malby, Mrs. Malby and Mrs. Parsons

Swaebe



Lady Shakespeare, Clive Brook, Mrs. Clive Brook, Linden Clive Brook and Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare. Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook's daughter, Faith, is appearing in the play

First Night of "Truant in Park Lane," at the St. James's

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

[from the Côte d'Azur]

CANNES.—I arrived in Cannes after a twenty-seven-hours journey from Davos. Firstly through many miles of snow-covered country which gradually lessened, via Landquart, Zurich, Lausanne, where the sun was shining, and the fine town looked so clean and peaceful in contrast to the rather hot and smoky train; then on to Geneva, where I had time to stretch my legs and walk in this very fine city and see some of its magnificent buildings.

At Geneva I boarded my sleeper, to wake up next morning and find the sun was shining, but, alas, the day deteriorated, and by the time I arrived it was raining. At Cannes I ran into the two days a week on which they have electricity cuts from 7.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. This was not due, I was told, to lack of fuel or lack of water, but that the electricity plants were worn out and needed resting.

At the Carlton Hotel I found a lot of British and American guests staying. One of the first people I saw was Gertrude Lady Dudley, who, I was told, has now taken a villa on this côte, not far from the beautiful one owned by Mr. Somerset Maugham. Mr. Ashley Clark motored down for the week-end from the British Embassy in Paris with his lovely wife, who is one of the few women I have seen with her hair cut in a fringe during the past few years.

BARON VANDERHOOP, the famous Swiss judge of dogs, I saw with his English wife; they have a lovely home just outside Geneva. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blgrave were to be seen at their favourite table on the left in the restaurant, where Josef looks after everyone with such care. Mr. Blgrave, who trains his own horses in Berkshire, was looking very tanned, having come on from Davos, where he had been winter sporting. At a recital by the Hungarian pianist Kentner in the Casino Theatre, I saw Lady Claud Hamilton, who had motored out from England, breaking her journey in Paris, and Lady Tatiana Mountbatten, who was looking

very sweet. She was staying at Villa La Constanza, at Le Cannet, just outside Cannes, with her mother, the Marchioness of Milford Haven.

On the Saturday night I dined at Les Ambassadeurs, where they had been having a series of galas in honour of famous painters. This night it was in honour of Monsieur van Dongen, the portrait painter, who was there with his lovely young wife. She had come down from Paris especially for the occasion, and was wearing a ravishing dress of navy-blue faille with pink sequin embroidery down the centre of the very full skirt. The room was very gay with nautical decorations, and as usual at these galas, the dinner was wonderful; five courses of food we haven't dreamt of in England for years, all beautifully cooked.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Clark had a table for seven on the edge of the dance floor, Mrs. Clark wearing an attractive dress of brilliant scarlet. Among their party were the Mayor of Cannes, Dr. Picand; Miss Cynthia Lawson, who had come with the Ashley Clarks from Paris; Dr. Ginner and Monsieur Dissat, who is very keen on aviation and is now trying to organise an air race between Paris and Cannes, to be flown in under the hour by either an English or French plane. Gertrude Countess of Dudley was with a party of friends, wearing black with lovely diamond earrings and a beautiful diamond-and-emerald brooch. Sir Alfred Butt had a table for two.

Mme. Sapene, whose husband is a director of the *Matin*, was with a party: she wore a lovely white ermine coat and a halo of polyanthus in her hair. The best-dressed woman there that night was undoubtedly Mme. Morin, who worked hard with the Resistance Movement during the war. This night at Les Ambassadeurs she wore a dress of black faille with wide panniers and a halter collar embroidered in gold sequins; on her hair, which was dressed high, she wore two huge black paradise plumes. Major Eric Loder, Sir Marshal and Lady Warmington, Mr. Walter Nightingale, having a short holiday before the

start of the flat-racing season, and Mrs. Shedlin were others there.

LATER, in the Casino I found the stories I had been told that no British were playing at the tables were very exaggerated. Walking slowly around the rooms, it was interesting to see a small game of baccarat going on in the corner where the famous Greek Syndicate used to operate. I noticed British and some Americans playing at nearly every table, more often than not for very small stakes.

During the evening I met M. André, who was staying in Cannes for the winter season; he told me that he has planned a really pre-war season at Deauville this year, including first-class polo matches, several big race weeks, with Le Prix Morny in the middle of August and the Grand Prix de Deauville on the last Sunday in August. For lovers of golf there will be the competition for the Thiaume de la Chaume Cup, and Col. Carlton, who runs the golf at Deauville, has asked Bucks Club if they would like to hold their meeting there this year, as the Le Touquet course is not yet in order, but so far no decision has been made. Baron Schroeder is bringing his polo team from South America to compete against several French teams at Deauville during August, too.

MONTE CARLO.—Next morning I joined the Blue Train and arrived at Monte Carlo in time for lunch. Here seemed a little world of its own, no income tax, no taxes on real or personal property, no electricity cuts, and, to the casual eye, plenty of everything!

Among the population of Monaco, which is between 17,000 and 18,000, there are 400 British and sixty or so American citizens. The famous Sporting Club of Monte Carlo is only opened now once a week, on Friday nights, so many visitors use the ordinary casino on other days of the week. This year, like everywhere else, the weather has not been kind, and bright and

Young Oxford Conservatives Have



Miss Pat Beeley with the Hon. Gerard Noel, the Earl of Gainsborough's younger brother, at the dinner of the Oxford University Conservative Association



Lord Craigmyre, Sir Edward Boyle and Mr. Christopher Hollis, M.P. for Devizes, who proposed the health of the Association



Mr. Ronald Brown, ex-President of the Union, Major the Hon. Quintin Hogg, M.P. for Oxford City, and Miss Vivienne Short

sunny days have been mingled with many cold, wintry ones.

Among the first people I saw when I arrived were the Earl and Countess of Durham, the latter looking most attractive in blue with a pair of platina foxes, strolling out on the terrace in the sun. They were staying at the Hôtel de Paris, which overlooks the sea and Henry Cotton's new golf school on the terraces, where the visitors can drive floating golf-balls into the water, where they are picked up by local fishermen.

There were many other racing enthusiasts besides the Durhams staying at the very comfortable "Paree," as it is affectionately known; these included Col. and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, who I saw dining with Sir Stephenson and Lady Kent, and Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, who won last year's Derby with Airborne. They had motored down and were having to change their route for the return journey, as Vichy, which they had intended visiting, was completely cut off by snow. Mrs. Washington Singer, whose late husband was a member of the Jockey Club, was staying there with Mrs. Edwards, who had been busy seeing about the furniture from her villa at Cap Ferrat, which she has just sold. Mrs. Corrigan, looking very chic, was another visitor here, making quite a long stay.

WALKING round the Casino, I saw many familiar faces, including the Marquess of Zetland and Lady Mount Temple, wearing an attractive lamé blouse with an evening skirt and talking to the Countess of Clancarty. Lady Winnington, very pretty in black lace, was with her husband and a group of friends including Mrs. Diana Smyley and Mr. George Glossop with his very attractive wife. Mr. and Mrs. Frere Reeves had motored in one evening from Cap Ferrat, where they were staying with Mr. Somerset Maugham at his villa. When I popped into the Metropole one day I saw Lord and Lady Arthur Butler, who have a charming house in Windsor Forest; Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who had been ordered a complete rest by her doctor, and Col. and Mrs. J. B. Walker, two more racing enthusiasts, who live at Newmarket. They were talking to Col. and Mrs. Sam Hamer, who had come out from their home in Wales.

Others down in this unique little principality included the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, Viscountess Dawson of Penn, Lady Rosabelle Brand, Lady Patricia Hibbert, looking neat in navy blue with a scarlet scarf, Lady Lakin, Mrs. Norman Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch (the former I met going off to play tennis on a cold morning), Comtesse Joseph de Lastours, Princess Guy de Faucigny-Lucinge, Lord and Lady Windlesham, Mr.

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Sydney Van den Berg and Gen. and Mrs. Llewellyn and their very attractive

daughter Zalie. Gen. Llewellyn was recovering from a sharp attack of pneumonia.

I left Monte Carlo on one of the coldest days of the year, and went on to Paris, about which I will write next week. Before I leave, here is my news from home.

VISCOUNT TARBAT chose his parents' home, Tarbat House, in Ross-shire, for his marriage to Mrs. Mendoza recently. The ceremony was performed by the minister in the large drawing-room at Tarbat, with its fine Adam mantelpiece and brocade-covered walls from which hang priceless Raeburns and Romneys.

The bride, who was given away by Lt.-Col. Blunt-Mackenzie, looked very attractive in a brown dress and a little hat to match, and she wore the famous heirloom Marie Antoinette black pearl necklace set with diamond-rubies, which was a gift from her mother, the Countess of Cromartie, on her wedding. There was a small reception for near relations, tenants, estate employees from Milton, the bridegroom's included one old lady of ninety known the bridegroom all his life.

Viscount Tarbat's own party was very friendly and happy gathering besides the bridegroom's parents only sister Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, the bride's sister, Miss Laurence, Miss Angus Vickers of Tulloch Castle, Lady Dick Lander, Mrs. Sutcliffe, George Mackenzie and Capt. Oscar.

A SECOND reception for friends was held in a lovely flat in Grosvenor Square, kindly lent by Mrs. Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, the bride's mother and received the guests with and her new sister-in-law, as the Countess could not get south in the weather.

Among those who came to wish the bridegroom every happiness were the Countess's boyne, Capt. Jacko Macleod, the Countess's Ross and Cromartie, accompanied by Sir Rorie and Lady Stewart-Richard (a cousin of the bridegroom), Princess Kapurthala and Brig. Smyth, V.C., with attractive wife. Mrs. Jackson, who, of course, in her own home, was the Countess's Paul Warburg of the American Lord and Lady Avebury, W.C. and his wife, Mrs. Ducas, Pri and Brig. Lionel Cross, who back from Japan just before others I saw.



Pearl Freeman

Their Annual Dinner at the Randolph



The Hon. George Harris, son and heir of Lord Harris, the Earl of Dalkeith, son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Hon. E. Palmer



The President of the O.U.C.A., Mr. Donald Southgate, chatting to Miss Margaret Roberts (ex-President) and Lady Townsend, wife of Sir John Townsend



Yvonne Gregory

Miss Ann Alexine O'Donovan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. O. O'Donovan, of 130, Harley Street. Her father served in the Middle East during the war, and she was in the W.R.N.S.

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

An M.P. Takes His Family Ski-ing at Corviglia, St. Moritz



Mopsy (Marion Jennifer) thinks this is an ideal form of transport. Her father, Mr. Henry R. Spence, M.C., is M.P. for Central Aberdeen



Mr. Spence points out to his wife the route they will follow from Corviglia

Lady Chamier, wife of Air Cdre. Sir John Chamier, with Mrs. Spence



Representing Scotland, Mrs. Spence competed for the White Ribbon of St. Moritz in the International Slalom Race near Suvretta. She was formerly Miss Beryl Walter and ski-ed in the British national team



Mopsy discovers the handiness of a luge for small people. She was taken to Switzerland to recuperate from a heavy attack of influenza



Christopher, aged eight, has a serious talk with world champion Rudi Rominger



Dr. R. Schloss
On his first run Christopher shows his determination to be a world champion too

GOLFING DOCTORS DINE AT THE MAY FAIR



Dr. and Mrs. Roche and Mrs. Tierney at the London Irish Medical Golfing Society dinner held recently



Mrs. Shuter and Dr. Francis Donovan, two of the guests at the dinner, which was held at the May Fair Hotel



Mr. J. Molyneux and Miss Glen were among the many who were present at this very successful function



The President of the Society, Dr. R. Lindsay-Rea, and Mrs. Lindsay-Rea



Mr. M. Malley, F.R.C.S., Mrs. Reid, Mr. Reid, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Malley



Dr. A. O'Meara and Mrs. J. Twigg enjoying a joke over the cocktails



Mr. Gaw, Mrs. Gray, Dr. Healy (the Society's captain), Mrs. Gaw, Mr. Gray and Mrs. Healy



Mrs. Brooke Purdon, Air Vice-Marshal Sir William Tyrrell, Mrs. McCullagh, Major-Gen. Brooke Purdon, Miss Bridget Brooke Purdon and Mr. H. McCullagh

A WELSH GUARDS REUNION AT CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD



Col. D. V. Hill and Professor Gilbert Ryle at the dinner, which was for ex-officers now back in residence at the University



Lt. H. R. E. Mitchley, Lt. A. B. Dann, Lt. D. G. Cotton and Capt. K. H. Jones in the Senior Common Room at Christ Church, where the dinner was held

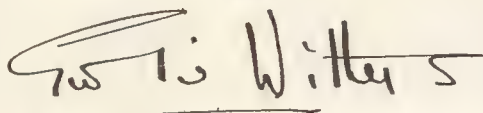


Johnson, Oxford Lt. K. V. Rose, Capt. P. de Zulueta, Capt. J. M. Broene and Capt. R. H. Daly. The guests ranged from undergraduates to dons

Self-Profile

Googie Withers

By



WHAT makes a girl want to go on the stage? The ambition of her parents? An urge to express herself? A streak of exhibitionism in her character? The knowledge that she has good looks?

Work it out for yourself, dear reader. With me it was bandy legs. I had legs that were bandy. This meant that I could become a 'cello player, or remain seated on a horse all the time so that people wouldn't notice, or have my bandy legs straightened out and start all over again worrying about a career. My mother, who has a tidy mind and a tidy nature and likes everything to be just so, decided on the last course. She had the very intelligent idea that learning to do acrobatic dancing would achieve the desired effect, and indeed it did. My legs became straight.

Let me now tell you of another strange physiological fact about myself so that we can get *that* aspect of me dealt with once and for all. I have an unnaturally small heart. A specialist once told me that I could make money exhibiting it. How do you exhibit a heart? He didn't tell me that. I suppose you wear it on your sleeve. However, it was when I was at the dancing school straightening out my bandy legs that my unnaturally tiny heart became wedded to the theatre. That was the beginning of it all.

I WAS born in Karachi, which explains why I had an Indian nanny, which, in turn, explains why my name is Googie. Googie is what my Indian nanny called me. It means a clown, in her language. I was christened Georgette, but the name Googie persisted beyond my childhood and I used it when first I went on the stage, and I have used it professionally and privately ever since, to the annoyance of many people. I have turned a deaf ear to all importunities to change my name, and I intend to continue to do so. To Mr. Agate, who pointed out once that he could not take me seriously while my name remains Googie, my advice is *not* to take me seriously. I very seldom take myself seriously. If I took myself seriously I should probably mope and become morbid. It is conceivable that if Mr. Agate were to take me seriously, he would mope and become morbid. And then what would happen to our Egoes, Mr. Agate?

WHEN I was seventeen I was in the chorus of a show called *Happy Week-end*, and Sergei Nolbandov, who is now one of the men responsible for the series of films called *This Modern Age*, happened to be in front on a night when I had to take over a small part at five hours' notice. He introduced me to Warners, and Mr. Michael Powell, the director, gave me a walking-on part in a film suitably called *The Girl in the Crowd*. An actress who had been engaged to play the second lead fell ill, and the girl in the crowd was given, according to the best tradition of popular fiction, the second lead. According to the same tradition, I should not have looked back from that point. I should have become a star overnight and, after a whirlwind succession of triumphs, married the handsome heir to a title and a fortune. But here reality departed from fiction. I made forty films without achieving stardom and without making more than a modest living. And I am still a spinster of my parish.

I should say that *One of Our Aircraft* is



MISS WITHERS proves in her self-profile that she could be as talented a writer as she is an actress. In the interpretation of any part she has played on stage or screen is that personal humour and perception which makes her one of our leading young actresses to-day. She studied under Itala Conti, and made her first stage appearance in 1933

Missing was the turning point of my professional life. That was made by the same Michael Powell who had seen me at Warners' Studios. *The Silver Fleet* followed, and then quite a spell at Ealing Studios, where I worked in three of Michael Balcon's films before the one I have just finished—*The Loves of Joanna Godden*. Those three were *They Came to a City* (I played, too, in the stage version), *Pink String and Sealing Wax* and *Dead of Night*. After *Pink String and Sealing Wax* came a stage play, and the part I have liked best, so far, in Noel Coward's *Private Lives*.

So much for my professional life. I haven't married. You know how it is—either I haven't liked them enough or they haven't liked me enough. But I should like to marry, and to stay married.

I like eating large quantities of good food well and imaginatively cooked. I also like

reading, listening to my collection of gramophone records, which is as catholic in choice as my collection of books. I like my paintings by Anna Meyerson and would like to buy one of John Piper's. I am very proud of being half-Dutch (my mother is Dutch), and very fond of my Dutch relatives. I am impatient of women who don't do any work and grumble at being bored, and I can't bear women who tell me the details of their confinements. When I went to America I fell in love with it, but now that I have revisited France, I know that I love France better. I like dry martinis and good burgundy. Best of all, I love being with people who make me laugh. At the risk of losing the Conservative elements of my fan mail, I have to brazen out the fact that my politics are Socialist.

I like reading other people's self-profiles. I found writing my own very embarrassing and very hard work.

Priscilla in Paris

On the Margin

BEING without a daily paper is rather like living in a deaf and dumb world. At time of writing fifteen days have elapsed since the *Figaro*—the only paper in Paris to have retained its pre-war name—graced my breakfast tray, or that the *Monde* (ex-*Le Temps*) arrived at the evening cocktail hour. I find that I can do very well without the political news, since *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*, which all boils down to the one word "muddle"; but how we miss the Mauriac, the Gérard Bauer, the André Gide, the Jérôme and Jean Tharaud, the Pierre Brisson, the Robert Kemp, and other articles.

We are also somewhat frustrated by the unpleasant little changes of the daily round that come as disagreeable surprises. When the petrol merchants went on strike (to protest, very rightly, against the exorbitant prices and their small percentage of profit), and the pumps were all closed one day last week, most of us only discovered what had happened when we ran short of juice, and the fact that hundreds of cars were left high and dry in the streets on a freezing evening did little to gladden the hearts of any but the owners of repair stations. Even they were not particularly happy, since they have more work than they can cope with, attending to all the ancient flivvers that have come into circulation since motoring has become "free" . . . though "free" is hardly the right word to use. The Continental editions of the British and American dailies became worth their weight in paper and non-subscribers queued up outside the kiosks on the boulevards before breakfast. By a few minutes after eight these were sold out. All very merry and gay in this cold weather, when the glass plays switchback and red-night no longer means shepherd's delight."

THEATRE first-nights that were postponed at the last moment added to the confusion when guests turned up to find the theatre closed. My seats at the Théâtre Antoine (Jean-Paul Sartre's interesting horrors have moved from that theatre to the Mathurins) were for the première which had been postponed, and I arrived to find myself present at a dress-rehearsal. However, thanks to Lucien Brulé, the courteous *secrétaire générale*, squeezing space was found for me in the dress circle stage-box, and I was able to enjoy the *couturière* performance of Michel Dulud's successful play, *Tous les Deux*, that has made the tour of France, Belgium and Switzerland before coming to Paris. This four-act comedy, played by only two people, is a remarkable achievement. But then one of the two is Aimé Clariond, one of

the finest ex-sociétaires amongst the many that the Comédie Française has lost within the last year. Mlle. Jacqueline Delubac partners him.

It was a pleasant change from the slovenly ways that are so in vogue to find oneself at the soirée "of poetry and music" given in the pleasant setting and spacious rooms of the Galerie Charpentier, where the exhibition of Italian landscapes has been drawing all Paris for some weeks now. Tails and tuxedos, shoulders and shimmering gowns! The theme that inspired the programme arranged and presented by M. Jean-Louis Vaudoyer, the eminent writer, was inspired by the sojourn of Lamartine and Liszt in Italy when Franz Liszt, a young man of twenty-seven, was so desperately in love with Marie d'Agout, and Lamartine was a boy of twenty-one.

Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault gave readings of some of Lamartine's most beautiful pages, and Charles Lilamand played Liszt's *Sonnet de Pétrarque* and the exquisite *Jeux d'Eaux à la Villa d'Este*. I missed the first part of the concert, unfortunately, for it was a witheringly cold night and taxis were rare.

A most distinguished crowd was present. The Italian, Portuguese and Brazilian Ambassadors were there, also M. Paul Claudel, Princess Bibesco, who wore a lovely black velvet frock, the Comtesse Jean de Polignac, who always looks so sweet—is there anything more becoming than white hair framing a young face? Among others there were the dramatist, Marcel Achard, with his vivacious, dark-eyed wife, Mme. Edward Bourdet, the very attractive Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, the Baronne de Junca, in a grey tulle period frock; the Comte and Comtesse de Castellane, André de Pouquières (who is going to put good manners back on the map and start the fashion of Cotillons again), the composer, Georges Auric, and his wife, Mrs. Johnston Lewis, and . . . but I lack space to name them all and the ribbon of my typewriter is almost worn out.

Voilà!

● Jean-Jacques and Marie France (all good children in Paris have hyphenated names just now) are sharing an apple. J.-J.'s eye is not very straight. "Look," he says, "you can have the pretty little half and I'll keep the ugly big one!"



At Cannes for the Music Festival

In the Jardin des Ambassadeurs at Cannes, Louis Kentner, the Hungarian pianist, is seen talking to Alan Rawsthorne, while Constant Lambert converses with M. van Dongen, the painter.



To Honour a Monegasque Patriot

Prince Rainier, only son and Heir Apparent to Prince Louis of Monaco, decorates the son of René Borgini, a member of the Monaco Assembly, who was shot by the Germans when they found he was a member of the Resistance.



Subtle (George Relph), who poses as the Alchemist in an aura of mealy-mouthed piety, mixes a draught for a client when his palm is crossed with gold. The only miracles he works are those to swell his own dishonest and most needy purse

“THE ALCHEMIST” BREWS A SPARKLING POTION AT THE NEW THEATRE

Players of the Old Vic infuse fresh life into Ben Jonson's neglected classic



Photographs by
John Vickers

Dol Common (Joyce Redman) masquerades as a somewhat eccentric lady of quality but, just the same, does not forget to pick the pocket of her admirer, that lover of gross luxury, Sir Epicure Mammon (Nicholas Hannen)



Abel Drugger (Alec Guinness), the timid young tobacconist, and eater of strong cheese, who falls a ready victim to the Alchemist and his associates



Dol Common (Joyce Redman) and her partner in crime, Face (Sir Ralph Richardson), who is the chief instigator of the trio's intrigues and also the butler who has most profitably turned his absent master's house into an uproarious den of vice

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

ROLLING a desperate eye from Utopia towards Greenland's icy mountains, a thinker in one of the papers seemed to assume that the existence of the foul but placid Eskimo is pure happiness and tiddy-fol-lol. Thomas à Kempis knew better. ("There be none in this world without some kind of tribulation or anguish"—1.22). Eskimo tribulation, a knowledgeable chap tells us, is clearly expressed in the pessimistic last line of the Eskimo national hymn:

There 'll always be a Greenland,
With lots of ice and snow,
And pifaced squaws with filthy paws
To cheer the Eskimo;
There 'll always be some blubber,
Or train-oil, just as good,
There 'll always be a Greenland—
I don't see why there should.

In fact, the Eskimo's trouble is that of 90 per cent. of the Island Race: disillusion, frustration, browned-offness, *tedium vitae*. Though free from many detestable Anglo-Saxon obligations, such as income-tax and washing, he stares at the homely dirt-encrusted pan of his beloved and wonders what Life is all about. And now, God help him, the UNESCO boys are on his track with compulsory World-Culture, and before the Eskimo knows where he is his stinking igloo will be knee-deep in special waterproof editions of Mr. So-and-So's novels. Plenty trouble, fella? Wah, wah. Likewise ugh, ugh.

Nuts

MOST of the recent obituaries of Harry K. Thaw, who bumped off Stanford White in that big New York murder-case of the 1900's, noted that the psychiatrists of that golden age attributed Thaw's act to *dementia americana*.

This pregnant phrase, truly nationalist, embraces almost everything you read about in the American Press, from citizens who roll peanuts up mountains with their noses for a wager to dance-marathons and the Ku Klux Klan. It means a kind of shrieking neurosis, with or without alcoholic stimulus, which would have fascinated Dr. Cheyne, whose classic work *The English Malady* so admirably discusses another national disability, hypochondria.



"Can't you decide what you're going to knit before you actually start?"

Hypochondria came into England with the Renaissance, *dementia americana* into the New World with the Pilgrim Fathers.

It's not for hypochondriacs to sniff at *les grands hystériques*, but you can't help feeling, we expect, that if a few more Red Indians had been allowed to live, their stoic calm might have helped the Melting-Pot to boil and sizzle less. When you remember that Manhattan was once a village whose equable grunts were disturbed by war-whoops only at certain intervals it makes you think, or maybe it doesn't; we can never quite make up our frivolous Celtic mind about you old enviables.

Opening

LOUNGING into Harley Street the other day for a chat with a brilliant viscera-snatcher whom we greatly admire, it struck us suddenly that there is still one way in which these prosperous medical boys who still loathe being robotised could defy Bureaucracy and all its works. Namely, they could take to the Open Road, as they used to for centuries, complete with Merry Andrew.

Once you saw them at every English fair, the grave; dignified Doctor in black and his capering partner, two figures straight out of the *Commedia dell'Arte*. The function of Merry Andrew, or Jack Pudding, was to drum up the hayseeds and hypnotise them till the Doctor was ready with the paraphernalia and patter.



"Before the news here is an SOS... Will Albert Perkins, last heard of at a regimental dinner at Roehampton, please proceed immediately to 22, Crinoline-crescent, Cricklewood, where his wife, Martha Perkins, is dangerously ill-tempered..."

Hogarth's and other natty pencils have immortalised leaders in the racket like the Chevalier Taylor, Dr. Ward, Dr. Bossy (the famous Covent Garden operator) and others. They discreetly dropped Jack Pudding for a smart town-practice, but he knocked 'em sideways in the Hick Belt. Most of the doctors made a packet.

Afterthought

OUR Harley Street chum feared the B.M.C. might object to alfresco work. We said surely not, if it was attractively reported by "Harlequin, M.D." every week in the Variety Page of *The Lancet*. For example:

Keep your eye on Harley Street's Boy Cyclone, "Ripper" Hackworthy, now touring the sticks with "Toto." That comedy trepanning-act puts the Ripper and his stooge right in the top groove.

Down at King's Snoring (Beds.) the Great Pillow and his partner Coco continue packing 'em in, this neat medico-slapstick turn never failing to wow the locals. Next week, Burpington-on-Sea.

Psycho-analysis going big at Muckham Fair (Salop), where Prof. Dr. Gizzick and his merry men put over a nightly riot entitled "Don't Go Down the Mind, Daddy." Record biz.



"... and stop eating like a human being"

He said it smacked of advertising, but what doesn't?

Centaur

JUDGING by the fuss the Press boys recently made of an elderly and somewhat battered huntsman (retired), the Towler Breed has vanished from the field.

If you remember Old Tom Towler, huntsman to Mr. Sponge's friend Mr. Waffles, of Laverick Wells, he was "a complete mash of a man." Scalped, bowed, bashed, broken-nosed, toothless, ribless, scarified, limping, held together by odd straps and buckles, the aged but indomitable Towler, once horsed, led the field as fresh as a daisy. We take him to represent the normal Early Victorian hunt-servant. A generation earlier, huntsmen like Old Simon Lee, Daddy Wordsworth's retired chum, seem to have been more sissy types, and moreover leadswingers.

For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell...

What gave Old Simon Lee his oedematous ankles and distaste for work is not stated. Being hooted at continuously by leathery hunting-women, maybe. During Lee's active period (say 1740-80) large numbers of bloodshot hags in cocked hats, full of brandy, ratafia, and Westphalian ham, covered with mud and general excretion, took the field daily and laid waste entire countrysides. At every check their comments on Master, huntsman, whipper-in, and hounds made the bitterest blasphemies of modern crones sound like the whispered good wishes of the Fairy Sugarplum. Swollen ankles in huntsmen would naturally result, a Harley Street chap assures us. Dropsy often ensued.

Why Beckford's *Thoughts on Hunting* do not give these coriaceous babies a passing razz is clear. Beckford thought the normal terrors of the Chase quite enough for hunting-men.

Mystery

EIGHT stamp-albums were stolen the other day from a philatelist, yet no student of philately—that perpetual enigma—troubled to



"Every time I have meat sandwiches he turns up"

follow the matter up and discover how a robbed philatelist behaves.

Having beaten his wife silly in the normal way, a philatelist would probably dash his head against the drawing-room wall, a criminologist assures us. A philatelist's drawing-room wall is thick with enlarged, tinted, totally uninteresting photographs of his progenitors. He would therefore have to select a space between the heavy gilt frames. During this time his wife would have limped away, moaning. Just as the philatelist stands back for the fatal run she totters back with a newly-arrived catalogue from Stanley Gibbons, Ltd. With a hoarse cry the philatelist snatches it. He gives his wife a final whack. She swoons. A doctor arrives. While his wife is holding her tongue out for inspection the philatelist seizes this opportunity of wetting a few-score slips of gummed paper on it and sticking a few odd stamps in his remaining album. The doctor leaves, the reading of the Stanley Gibbons catalogue is resumed, and that is about all.

Footnote

A DREARY record, like a Gissing story; drab, monotone, lifeless, and hopeless. Philately is like that. Recollect how Paolo Malatesta showed Francesca da Rimini his stamp-album:

... Offtime by that collection
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. ...

Now they whirl round for ever on the dry winds of Hell.

Hope

As a gloomy chap lately observed, the physical allure of the booksy boys is generally in inverse ratio to the amorous successes of the heroes they describe. Mr. Kipps discovered this on meeting Mr. Sydney Revel. It's evidently a form of wish-fulfilment.

Trying desperately to think of an exception (for Heaven knows we esteem those boys) we can hit on only one, and a Frenchman at that; namely Cr  billon fils (1704-77). His licentious novel *Le Sopha* so ravished a certain Lady Stafford that she crossed to Paris to meet him, fell for him, and eventually, after presenting M. Cr  billon fils with what was then called "a pledge of mutual flame," sex undiscoverable, married him. She was herself, apparently, homely and far from rich, though agreeable. This shows that no booksy boy with constant readers need despair, however personally unpleasing. Even a cynical old satyr like Anatole France had a girl-friend of ripe years tagging after him so faithfully that on his return from the Argentine he panicked and hid in the train on arrival at St. Lazare, well aware that she might have a gun. Yet even when foreseeing such a crisis his natural philosophy did not desert him. "It's always the onlooker who gets the lollipop (*drag  e*)," he reminded his long-suffering secretary, M. Brousson.

Although booksy boys don't like getting hurt, they could hardly help bridling with pleasure at such evidence of true love. Write to your favourite fat best-seller about it.



Robertson Hare, who first appeared on the stage in 1911, has been a pillar of the London comic theatre since the *Aldwych* farces of immortal memory. Guarding zealously the shrine of the Higher Orthodoxy, nobody can express so well as he the cataclysmic shock and bewilderment that follows infringement of its tenets by schemers and the light-minded. In his current play, "*She Wanted A Cream Front Door*," at the Apollo Theatre he is, for the first time in his career, not only a butt but a hero; and amidst all the fun and fooling, pathos, surprisingly and effectively, intrudes

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A FAMOUS actor had a large photograph of Wordsworth prominently displayed in his dressing-room. A friend regarded the picture with some surprise and remarked: "I see you are an admirer of Wordsworth."

"Who's Wordsworth?" demanded the actor.

"Why, that's his picture you have there," his friend pointed out. "That's Wordsworth the poet."

The actor regarded the photograph with a new interest.

"Is that fellow a poet? I got him for a study in wrinkles."

THE young man had just saved a girl from drowning, and her father was thanking him for his bravery. "Do you realise, my boy," he said, "the great danger you were placing yourself in?"

The rescuer, wringing out his clothes, replied briefly: "There wasn't any, really. I am a champion swimmer and I am already married."

THE savage African tribe of Ubangis have a habit of stretching the lips of their women around circular wooden discs until finally they become 8 in. in size, sticking right out from their faces like two plates.

One very hot day two Ubangi girls met in the jungle. One of them stuck her face close to that of the other and rapidly repeated: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers! Now you fan me for a while."

A MANHATTAN firm which deals in Indian crafts and relics placed an order with Chief Blow Snake of the Winnebago Indians in Wisconsin for 2,000 Indian novelties to be used by an advertising agency. Five hundred assorted medicine charms, arrowheads and wampum arrived the first week, 200 the second. The firm thought it had become adjusted to the Indians' blithe disregard for white men's notions, but was nevertheless surprised the third week when, with the arrival of only fifty articles, they found that Chief Blow Snake had added the note, "That's all. You have enough."

The Fernie on Foot

Huntsman and pack of the Fernie setting off at the "horseless" meet—the first in its ninety-four years' history—held because Leicestershire farmers complained that the long suspension of hunting owing to bad weather was giving foxes an unequalled opportunity to raid their lambs and chickens. The scene of the meet was Wistow, and 700 people turned out to watch it



Sabretache

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

ROLL, bowl or pitch! The operative word at all times is "roll"! This applies particularly to the steeplechase, but is a good working rule for the hunting meadow mishap, or any other equestrian occasion. The pace travelled in a steeplechase will almost invariably ensure that the "pitch" is about a cricket one, and it has even been known to measure up to a bit more.

The sooner, however, and the faster, that the horseman starts to roll, the more likely is he to get clear of the horse, also on the roll, who may quite easily do it quick enough to pin him down all amidst four unpleasantly dangerous and shiny racing plates. The expert will always try to turn himself into a hedgehog with nothing sticking out, and it is an elementary precaution, when approaching the obstacle, to keep the chin well tucked in, just as the boxers do. It has saved many a broken neck. Everything happens so quickly that only instinct can really make you do the right thing inside a split second.

Rolling is the real recipe for escaping the more unpleasant consequences, such as ribs, pelvis, breastbone and, perchance, legs. Collar-bones usually are unpredictable; just the spin of a coin with the Great Trickster, and anyway, they don't amount to much, and you hardly feel anything at the time. It is only later that you get the very mischief of a pain in your elbow—rarely at the seat of fracture. The other things, ribs in particular, are poison.

This Vulgar Winter

NOTHING gruesome is intended to be conveyed by these cursory notes, and the intention is very far from being to put anybody off horseback riding, but this vulgar behaviour on the part of the winter has put such a dose of iron into the earth that certain possibilities must suggest themselves; and anyway, I always like to try to be as helpful as I can.

If X hits the floor, something is bound to crack, and it won't be the floor. Out hunting you usually get carried to the nearest First-Aid Post on a hurdle, an ironing-board supplied by some kindly female resident, or in a horse rug (if lucky). At Aintree and some other places they have the most up-to-date and comfortable stretchers ready with expert St. John Ambulance people standing by at every obstacle; and so the height of luxury and comfort is assured. There is nothing rough, but everything ready.

First Aid

IT is not always possible to count upon quick and scientific aid such as has just been mentioned, and the amateur surgeon has usually to do some quick thinking, especially at the fox-hunt. Never give anyone anything out of your

hunting monkey, if he or she has landed on their head and been made a bit dizzy. It will certainly make them dizzy for the rest of their lives. A break? Certainly, for there is nothing that stops that sea-green feeling quicker. Fixing the gaze upon an immovable object such as a gatepost is also of tremendous aid in stopping that fading-away feeling.

The other leg is the best quick splint for the broken one, and a couple of handkerchiefs or more, if you can get them, are helpful. A hunting whip is first-class for an arm, with the horn handle in the palm of the victim's hand. The thong comes in handy for binding if you can't find anything else—a horse bandage, for instance. Collar-bones, of course, we know all about—a wad of anything you can find, a cap for choice, under his arm, and a big handkerchief makes a first-class sling. Another good wrinkle, failing anything better, is a stirrup-leather, for it will help to keep things fairly snug until the doctor gets busy.

Transport is the big difficulty out hunting, for these things usually happen somewhere out in the blue. The main thing is to let the victim lie or sit quite still until you can get hold of some sort of stretcher-party. The bone-setter will, I know, cuss you into small heaps—and very rightly—if your well-meant stupidity has caused more trouble than was necessary. Ribs, for instance, may go poking into dangerous places; leg bones may come through; so the big rule is, play for safety and don't try to be too clever. Slide a horse-rug or blanket under him, and, most necessary of all, take him up tenderly, lift him with care.

The Undue Risk

SOME of these untoward things called variously crumplers, bumpers, busters, and so forth, are unavoidable, however careful you may be, but some ought to be. There was the case of the intrepid Mr. Swordknot, who never refused a ride. He was asked to get up in a school by the famous Captain Pincher and his equally avaricious trainer, "Ananias" Smith. I happened to be there when the latter came to visit the remains in the nursing-home. He said: "The Captin always would have it that she was blind, but I said 'No, how can you tell till you try?' Well, she was!"

Another instance. In County Meath, where the chasms are often like the crevasses in the Alps, there are some professional rescuers whose trade rate is a guinea a head—one for the horse and one for you. Once when talking to one of this St. Patrick's Ambulance Corps, he presented me with this one: "And wasn't Oi out wid the dogs last Chewsdays, and Meejor Brannigan into the Fairyhouse River, and the mare idlin' on

top of um and me in after um, and didn't I give her wan poke wid me sthick, and she hopping out like a flea?"

It should be mentioned, I think, that these gentlemen sometimes lure the unwary into taking on a quite unjumpable place.

A Recent Sporting Wedding

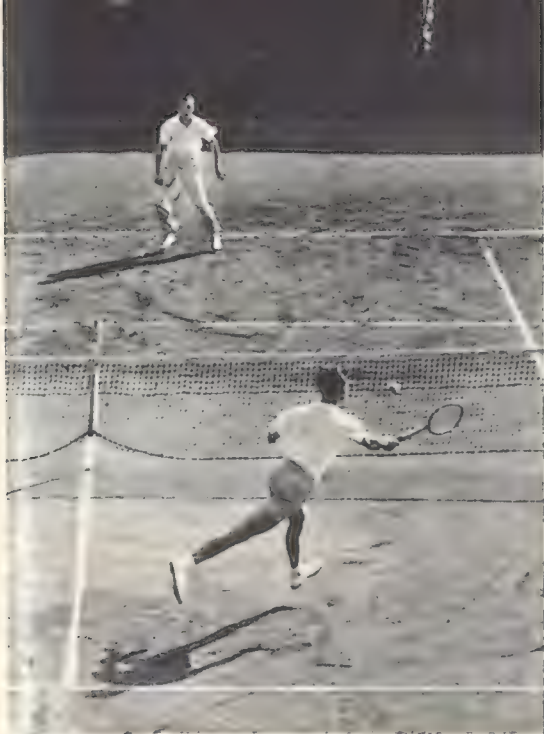
THE bride was Miss Megan Taylor, who has made history in the Championship Skating class, and the bridegroom my young friend, Lindsay Ellis, a son of Pat and the late Maudie Ellis, who was, in her turn, one of the surviving daughters of Mrs. "Squire" Cheape, of Bentley, a great character in the hunting world, and also the mother of that legendary figure in polo history, Leslie (K.D.G.'s and England), and of General Ronald Cheape, also so well known in the world of the chase.

"Squire" Cheape's sister married the Boyd-Rochfort father of the late Arthur, V.C., that very gallant gentleman who got the Cross for saving hundreds from a grenade in the First German War; and of Cecil, His Majesty's trainer. This present young Benedick, who was in the Border Regiment, has, therefore, all the right atmosphere behind him. His plucky little mother, incidentally, rode a winner in an open point-to-point at a Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt Meeting, and the animal's name was "Sabretache"!

Hands

WHILST we have been hearing a very great deal about seats—forward, backward, monkey-on-the-stick, tip-up, sliding, washball, and so forth—none of the sagacious exponents of the art of horseback-riding has said a single word about a facet of this, the most difficult of the applied sciences—hands—or how to pull, or not pull, the reins. Before going any further, let it be said that there is only one seat on a horse—that of Marcus Antonius. The studious may recall that one of the couriers sent by The Serpent of Old Nile a bit before the Actium episode, said that her noble attaché was "encorpsed and demi-natured with the brave beast"?

Until you find out how to do this, you are sure to forfeit your deposit every time. There is no other way, and all the reams in Fleet Street will not disprove the fact. The only tutor is the Horse—and perhaps a walking-stick balanced in the palm of the hand, or an outside ostrich-plume balanced on the tip of the nose. These may suggest something to those quick on the uptake. However, to hark back: it was probably right to talk of seats first, because you can never make good shooting from a bad gun emplacement—that is; unless you are a gunnery officer, R.N.



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Asboth (left) and Patty discuss the match, which Patty won 7-5, 6-2, 6-4

Budge Patty (nearest camera), the American winner of the Men's Singles, in action against Asboth, the Hungarian

Spring Tennis at Monte Carlo

The Country Club at Monte Carlo was recently the scene of the Spring Tournament, the curtain-raiser to the big Easter Tournament at which representatives of twenty-four nations are expected to compete. King Gustav of Sweden, who will shortly visit the Riviera, may be a spectator

Scoreboard



I UNDERSTAND—as Ministers of the Crown always say when they don't—that there is still some heartburn (I am a different woman since I took your pills) about a goal scored in the seventeenth Round of the F.A. Cup. One eyewitness, a boiler-maker on indefinite vacation, averred

that the ball passed over the goal-line before it was centred. His companion, described as a middle-man, said that, as his eyesight always deteriorates from 11 a.m. onwards, he is in the habit of selecting the middle ball of three when watching football matches, and that on this occasion it hovered, with luminous trimmings, exactly over the middle line of the three, then seemed to jerk backwards and forwards over the same line several times before one of the three outside-lefts headed it in towards the other twelve forwards. More than that he was not able, though perfectly willing, to swear.

MRS. ELSIE GAITERS, who was not described at all, and was watching from behind the goal at the other end of the ground, said that the ball did not pass over the line and that she had stood two hours that morning in a queue for half a kipper and was this democracy? Mr. H. Grampling, described as an official photographer, remarked, without being asked, that he had been unable to take a shot of the ball in question, because, at the material moment, his lens had been obscured by a mysterious spectator with a fez and a strong Moscow accent.

Anyhow, as the pig said when asked how he liked his breakfast, the goal was scored and the referee was nearly pulled to the ground by protesting players. But at no instant, thanks to the legal-minded left-half, did both his shoulders touch the ground at once. Otherwise, a case for assault would have lain, like the referee.

He was no fool. If he'd reversed his decision, they'd have kissed him. Had they done so, asks a Birmingham correspondent, does an unsolicited kiss rank as a technical assault? I can

only refer you, Sir, to Rex v. Mrs. Ponderevo, Annie the Cow intervening, and wish you happier returns than you deserve.

SPORT has known no such imbroglio since Gladstone accused Disraeli of cheating at French Cricket while they were waiting for a Division in the cloak-room of the House of Commons. Gladstone said that he saw Disraeli move. Disraeli replied that motion was purely subjective and dwelt in the eye of the beholder. The G.O.M., warming to epigram, charged Dizzy with using scent. Dizzy, with his usual sense of the House, answered that, in present company, perhaps it was as well. How do I know all this? It came to me in a dream.

THE chief reason for the prevailing I.M.U. (International Muck-Up) is that statesmen no longer play games with each other; at least, not the right sort. How many problems, ethnic, economic, political and neo-psychological, would be solved if only we had perpetual Olympic Games instead of enjoying this free-for-all only once every how-many years. What a sociable fellow Tito would become if he knew less about Boundary Treaties and more about Boundary Six. He might even rise, with industry and an interpreter, to that select band from which Test Match umpires are chosen. Ah, if only Marshal Stalin played golf. Memory, on wings of gossamer, reverts to the Riviera a quarter of a century and more ago—

M. Briand: Bien slicé, monsieur David. Et maintenant, le Ruhr?

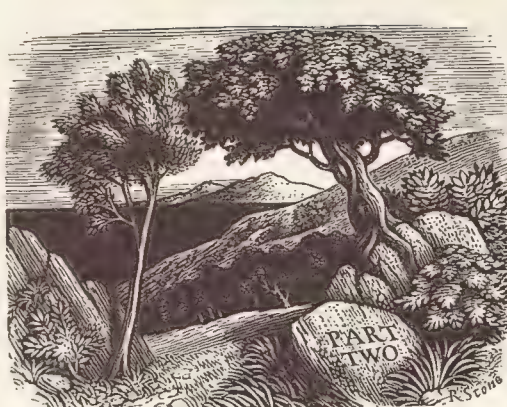
Mr. Lloyd George: My hole, Aristide; the ball must be played from the bunkers with the club, not thrown out, however deftly, by hand. Further, the term "loose impediment" denotes any obstruction not fixed or growing, and includes dung, worm-casts, molehills, snow, and ice. The Ruhr? Never heard of it. You can have it; in exchange for Silesia, if Silesia's still going.

M. Briand: Vive le sport!

R.G. Roberts Glasgow.



Patty sending back a fast return, and preparing to serve. He injured his elbow in the match and had to scratch for the Men's Doubles



Engravings by Reynolds Stone from Faber's re-issue of "Apostate" by Forrest Reid

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Young Enthusiasts"

"A Distant Summer"

"States of Grace"

"Death's Old Sweet Song"

FEW novelists now writing command the art of telling a story more surely than does Elizabeth Jenkins. This is less simple than it appears—how much less simple you only realise when you consider the twistings and turnings, the blurs, the fogs, the halts, the tedious mystifications and ill-concealed uncertainties that impair the narrative interest of so much modern fiction. Ideally, I think, the story of any novel ought to be absolutely direct and clear: all the effect should come from an inside force. Our classics set a great example in this. And, though Miss Jenkins is essentially a woman of her own century, aware of and tuned in to its implications, she does, as a story-teller, work in the classic tradition. Two years ago, her *Robert and Helen* showed this: further back in her writing, the same holds good with *Harriet* and the preceding books.

I say this because now, with *Young Enthusiasts* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), Elizabeth Jenkins has made an at once deliberate and hilarious departure from her usual rule. She has broken narrative up into small, bright pieces and flung these into the air. But even this act, though so apparently casual and artless, has been an affair of uncanny sleight-of-hand—for the pieces, falling into the reader's mind, settle into a pattern of their own: a pattern as unmistakable as it is fascinating.

Young Enthusiasts is a comedy. Or, at least, it is infused with the comic spirit. Its subject is a progressive school. It is an ideal rendering of school existence in the very fact of its having no particular plot. For, surely, the attempt to contrive a plot has made the best of our school stories forced and unrealistic? In a school,

any school—on any day of its week, in any week of its term, in any term of its year—a hundred stories and dramas, crises and conflicts, are going on simultaneously; but no single one, usually, holds the stage for long. Situations blow up; but also they blow away. Everything hums, throbs, bubbles, crackles with human electricity: it is the moment itself that is so exciting and full—but the moment-before-the-moment is soon forgotten. For this reason, I have always wanted to see school life treated in a purely impressionistic manner—and that is how, in *Young Enthusiasts*, Miss Jenkins has treated it.

THE school is, as I say, a progressive school—the kind which so much controversy surrounds. An educational experiment—in which some believe with blind and humourless zeal; which some write off as a possibly dangerous farce; which some deride as a symptom of raging crankiness. Children careering about with nothing on, releasing their libido in all directions, knocking down their teachers and smashing glass? Such a scene inhabits—and, indeed, torments—the imagination of the old guard. Such a scene, I must warn you, is not depicted in *Young Enthusiasts*. The book is neither a manifesto for nor a charge against the school it pictures. The spirit of the writer—or, one feels rather, speaker—is nonchalant, fluid, altogether detached.

The "I" is a young mistress, not trained as a teacher, who has drifted into this experiment in an experimental spirit of her own. Her own private life, with its preoccupations, is, rightly, of the first interest to her: she is not

among the zealots of the staff. She teaches English; and, it is obvious, brings to the subject itself, for its own sake, something more single, concentrated and steady than mere enthusiasm.

Her classes are carried on in an atmosphere not of instruction but of inviting the children to share a supreme pleasure. Her detachment, outside hours, from the life of the school makes for an off-hand, spontaneous, genuinely equalitarian relation with the young. As evidenced by enchanting snatches of dialogue, such as this:

There came a knock at the communicating door. This in itself was unusual. I called out "Come in," without turning round. The door opened, but no one came in. I turned about and uttered a stifled scream. A human head was lying on the floor, the face just turned around the angle of the door and grinning hideously.

"Did I startle you?" asked Terry solicitously, getting up.

"What d'you want?" I cried in a passion.

"Mrs. Cortright told me to give you this book. It's for the school library. *Meredith's Heroines*, by Emmeline—uh—Bordelays." He opened it.

"Chapter Two: 'Queenly women——'"

"Good gracious!"

"Good gracious, as you observe. Shall I dispose of it for you?"

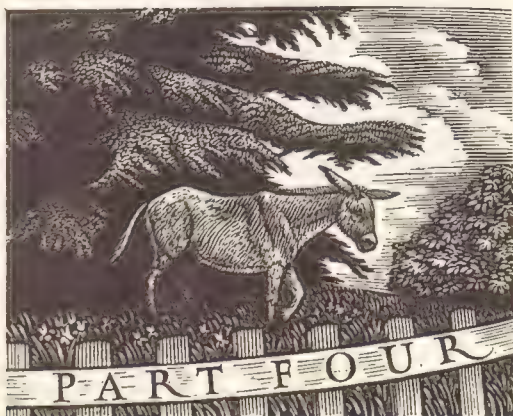
"No, of course not. Please leave it on my table."

"O.K., darling."

"And don't call me *that*."

"No, darling."

Throughout, the children, whenever they appear, are delightful—Roly Balfour, the three Scrymgeour girls, Derek, Denzil, Flavia. . .



A Boyhood in Belfast

Most autobiographies ramble, but Forrest Reid's *Apostate* (Faber; 10s. 6d.), first published twenty years ago, is written with the extreme precision and sensitiveness to atmosphere which betoken a work of art. This account, by a mature novelist, of his boyhood in a middle-class Belfast household, achieves significance with a quietness which has gone out of fashion in favour of more strident modes. When re-encountered, it reminds the reader that change of standards does not necessarily make the best work of yesterday obsolete. J. M.



Less happy types are Bernice Clapp (who "wrote intensely in bright green ink, and one of her essays said, 'Every artist must go through hell till he finds himself'"), the massive and insufferable Hattie, and the over-luscious Mitzi—fortunately, removed. One can but get the impression that children were at their best at this particular school. How much that may have been due to the blend of genius and uncompromising good sense in the headmistress, Mrs. Cortright, and the flair shown by two or three of her staff, you and I may judge: Miss Jenkins leaves it an open question. Mrs. Cortright's superb handling of cranks and busybodies—whether parents, teachers, governors or unspecified local hangers-on of the school—is to be admired.

Cranks and bores are, indeed, portrayed with a limpid malice—a fitting malice, feather-light in its touch. Enjoyable reading they do indeed provide. None the less, buzzing like bluebottles round the school, such creatures *could*, one can see, in actual life, cause annoyance, chagrin and an exasperated weariness of spirit. Our heroine's roof-top escape from a particularly virulent parent, whom she sights advancing across the lawn, is a moment not to be missed. *Young Enthusiasts* has been, by your reviewer, re-read, and relished with an unusual vintage of delight. It holds, besides its lyrical comicality, wisdom; and, throughout, its sanity strikes a crystal note. Lastly, at risk of being pedantic, I must say I feel this to be a book that nobody interested in education (and who is not?) should miss.

"A DISTANT SUMMER" (Sampson Low; 15s.) came my way at a time when *any* summer seemed distant. The pleasure of visualising skies mauve with heat, and parks and perspectives of boulevards all in an August shimmer, *ought*, I know, to be separated from businesslike criticism of the book. And I think it can be—even had *A Distant Summer* appeared in the middle of such weather as it describes, its author, Edith Saunders, would be still thanked for her genial project and ingenious research.

This is an account of Queen Victoria's and Prince Albert's visit to the Emperor of France, Napoleon III., in Paris, 1855. The Crimean War is in progress; England and France are allies: except, however, for a resplendent military review, and our Queen's chats with General Canrobert, back from the front, Mars does not cast his ugly shadow across the scene. It is "roses, roses all the way." As, indeed, it was imperative that it should be—for, "No reigning English monarch had been seen in Paris since Henry VI. was crowned there over four hundred years ago; and no ceremonial visit had been paid by an English sovereign to France since Henry VIII. visited François premier at the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Human enjoyment ran happily through the official show. For Victoria, Albert and their two eldest children, Bertie and Vicky (later on to become, respectively, Edward VII. and Crown Princess of Prussia), this was a gala week. Happy in their own marriage, the British Royal pair saw with sympathy Napoleon III.'s devotion to his lovely, elegant Eugenie, "the dear Empress." For the imperial hosts (whose fortunes, up to so lately, had been so very uncertain) the success of the visit was a triumph—and a substantial feather in the cap; for Queen Victoria's pro-Orleanist sympathies were known, and she had not, in 1851, seen the Bonapartist *coup d'état* with an approving eye.

Miss Saunders describes the bright week from beginning to end; combining (so far as I know) outer historic accuracy with an inside

BOWEN ON BOOKS

interpretation of scenes from several personal points of view. This is a less light book than it appears: the underlying significance of much that was said and done, the determining effect the visit was to have on subsequent European policy, are suggested.

Nor, while the future shapes itself, can the past be absent: the Versailles day, with the picnic at poor tragic Marie Antoinette's "*petit hameau*," has, particularly, a haunted undertone. Against this is set the benevolent happiness of Victoria—in whom, it appears, the pleasure-loving young girl was not yet dead. She was being appreciated, she could but feel, not only as a visiting monarch but as a charming woman—the Emperor and his Paris both produced this atmosphere; and could any woman not react well to it? Her romantic suite at St. Cloud, the drives through the Bois and forests, the bedecked fluttering city, the smiles, the cheers, the bands, the ball, the opera; and, not least, those little snatched moments in which she could dash off yet another water-colour sketch. . . . Prince Albert lent himself to all these occasions irreproachably, if with some slight reserve.

Fashions and interiors are many. The illustrations, many and rewarding, are reproduced from contemporary numbers of the *Illustrated London News*.

"STATES OF GRACE," by Francis Steegmuller (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is a racy, satirical, irreverent little novel about a group of Americans in post-war Egypt. Father Philip, youthful and innocent priest, arrives to take over the curacy of St. Patrick's-in-Egypt, Bahari—and to find the community dominated by Mrs. Brennan, devout but dragonlike sister of Bishop Flanagan, of Monhegan City, back in the U.S.A. Having been that Bishop's *protégé* since his childhood, Father Philip hopes to avoid a showdown with Mrs. Brennan—whether he does or

does not, the story shows. Complications are added by Freddy, the lady's exceedingly detrimental son—who has returned to Bahari in Father Philip's charge. Romance—to give it a kindly name—plays a considerable part in Freddy's life: not only is he out to explore the more dubious pleasures of Bahari, but he is involved on the journey over, with the siren Max.

Sidelights on the Egyptian antique racket are given; also, we share the hopes and fears of the Parisian proprietress of a high-class pension on the Nile—the murder of

Mme. Pichat's canary, Trémolo, and the decision of Mrs. Brennan to take the veil are, indeed, two climaxes near the novel's end. . . .

To be honest, I found *States of Grace* unequally funny: at the beginning it promises very well; but sometimes the tempo flags, and it then appears that Mr. Steegmuller wastes his satiric powers on episodes hardly worth his time.

"DEATH'S OLD SWEET SONG" (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.) shows Jonathan Stagge (of *Death and the Dear Girls*) once more at his comic and gruesome best. The scene is, again, a New England village; Doctor Westlake, once more, narrates; and Dawn, his delightful child, is active in dropping bricks and collecting clues. Mr. Stagge is one more of those detective story-writers who could, if he cared to, rank as no mean "straight" novelist: his characters have interest in themselves, and he knows just how to touch in a social scene. He achieves being cosy and sinister at the same time. In this case, a de luxe and somewhat over-organised picnic, at which a charming, repressed girl sings an old English ballad to a guitar, is followed by a holocaust of murders. I suspected the criminal early—and incorrectly.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Clifford-Wolff's daughter was christened Antoinette Mary. Mrs. Clifford-Wolff is a niece of Sir Bede Clifford

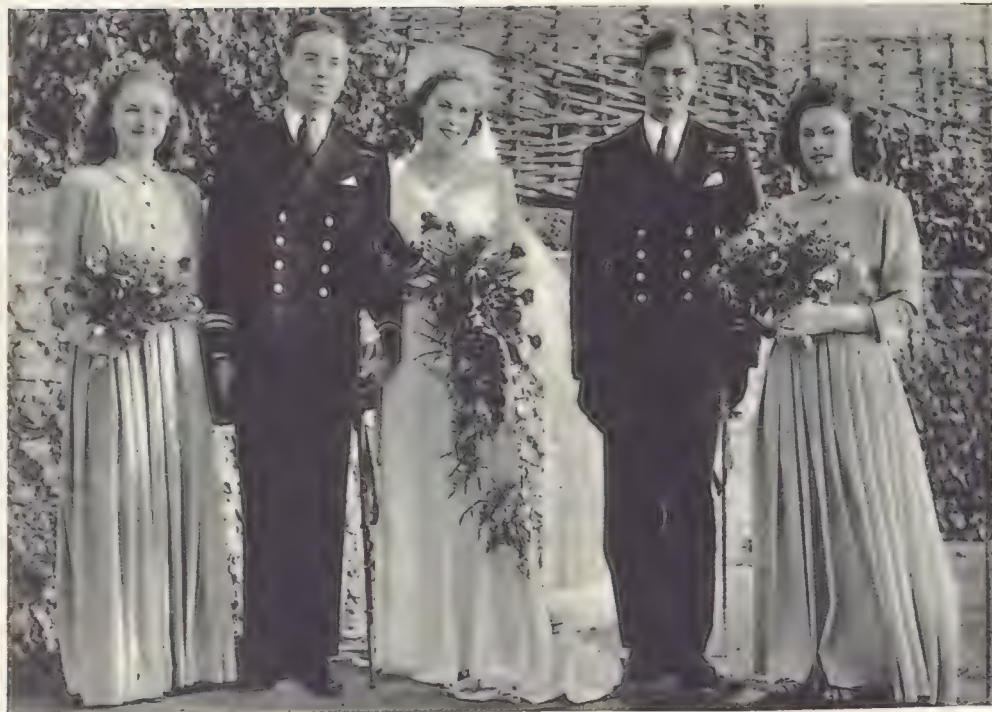


Charles Leon
Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Norrie's son was christened Christopher in New York. Mrs. Norrie was formerly Miss Christobel More-Molyneux



Poole, Dublin
Lord and Lady Killanin's son and heir was christened George Redmond Fitzpatrick at the University Church, Dublin. Dr. Walter Starkie (right) was one of the godparents.

CHRISTENINGS



Fickling — Layfield

The marriage took place on Saturday, March 1, at Eastergate Church, Sussex, of Lt. Peter Fickling, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Fickling, of Bournemouth, and Miss Isobel Layfield, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Layfield, of Barnham, Sussex. The bridesmaids were Miss Patricia Emus and Miss Anne Marsh, and the best man Lt. Phil Durham, R.N.



Burrell — Stokes

Capt. C. D. Burrell, only son of the late Capt. K. M. Burrell, and of Mrs. D. Cawley, of Broome Park, near Alnwick, married Miss Sibell Stokes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Stokes, of Great Bowden, Market Harborough, at Simonburn Church, Simonburn, Northumberland

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Hervey-Bathurst — Somers Cocks

Major Benjamin A. F. Hervey-Bathurst, son of Sir Frederick and Lady Hervey-Bathurst, of Somborne Park, Stockbridge, Hants, married the Hon. Violet Elizabeth Somers Cocks, only child of Finola Lady Somers, and of the late Lord Somers



Buxton — Boyle

Mr. Simon Buxton, second son of the late Cdr. B. Buxton, R.N., and of the late Lady Hermione Buxton, married Miss Belinda Boyle, daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. James Boyle, and of Viscountess Trenchard, in London



Weatherby — Wake

Mr. James Howard Weatherby, elder son of Col. and Mrs. J. T. Weatherby, of Stanton House, Stanton St. John, Oxford, married Miss Mary Wake, youngest daughter of Major Gen. Sir Hereward and Lady Wake, of Courteenhall, Northampton



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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Moyra Elizabeth Blandy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Blandy of 8 Markham Square, S.W.3, is to marry Mr. Oliver Ronald Smith, elder son of the late Mr. Ronald Smith and of Mrs. Smith of Old Turks, Iden, Sussex



Pearl Freeman

Miss Dorothy Estelle Bernstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bernstein of 59 Hanover Gate Mansions, Regent's Park, who is to be married in April to Mr. Lionel Henry Daiches, elder son of the late Rev. Dr. Salis Daiches and of Mrs. Flora Daiches of Edinburgh



Harlip

Lt.-Cdr. Terence Vaughan Lavarack and Miss Rosemary Asquith, who are to be married in June. Lt.-Cdr. Lavarack is the only son of the late Major Lavarack and of Lady Smart. Miss Asquith is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril E. Asquith of 55 Park Lane, W.1



Bassano

Miss Rosamond Mary Stokes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor R. Stokes of Sloe Hill, Hitchin, Herts, whose engagement is announced to Major Himley Cartwright, only son of the late Major Z. Cartwright and Mrs. Cartwright of Park Spring, Knebworth, Herts



Navana

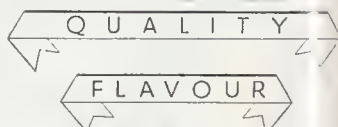
Wing Commander W. G. Thorn and Miss B. J. Hulton, who are engaged to be married. Miss Barbara Joan Hulton is the youngest daughter of Mr. A. R. Hulton, of Christchurch, Hampshire, and W/Cdr. Thorn is the only son of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. R. W. Thorn of Falmouth, Cornwall

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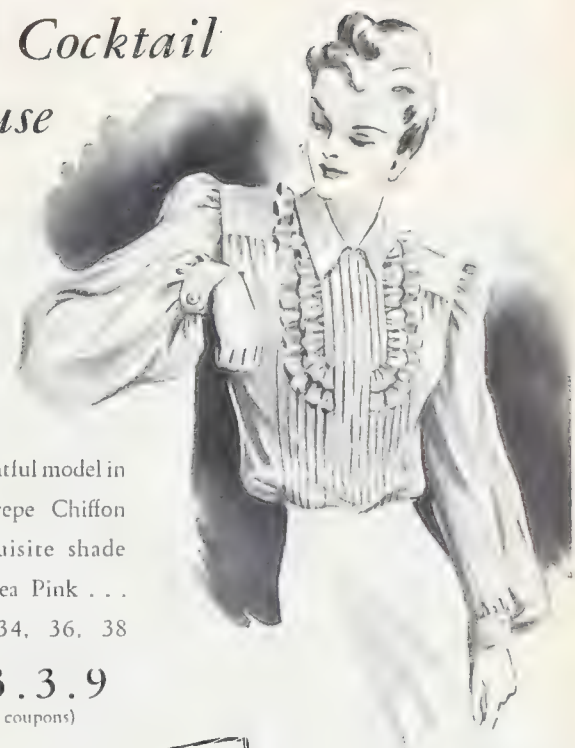
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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

IT is understandable that Russia should be disinclined to talk about her military aircraft; but much less understandable that she should be disinclined to talk about her civil aircraft and above all her personal aircraft.

So far three countries with a highly developed aviation have revealed what they are doing in the matter of personal aircraft—Great Britain, France and the United States. There have also been some reports of the work going on in Sweden, Holland, Belgium and Denmark.

But there can be no doubt that, whatever our views about Russia's political arrangements, we are all interested in her technical achievements and we would all like to know if she is developing personal aeroplanes and if so what kind of machines they are.

Geographically there ought to be more scope for the personal aeroplane in Russia than anywhere else. It should be of help to both citizens and officials of the Soviet Union. But we have heard nothing about it. Nor does anything appear in the standard reference works. Here is a case where a polite request for information by some Government authority (the Ministry of Civil Aviation for instance) ought to stand a fair chance of being well received by the Russians.

Lift Laid On

IT is difficult to weigh the merits of the scheme for producing a light aeroplane with boundary layer control, a scheme which has been put forward, with copious drawings, by an American company. At first sight it looks extraordinarily attractive.

For if a light aircraft could be produced with a controlled boundary layer, it would be much smaller for the same landing speed than the conventional machine and it would have a much greater speed range. For the point is that the boundary layer determines when the air flow breaks down and when lift departs and the aircraft stalls.

In this project the engine is used to drive not only an ordinary propeller (it is a pusher design), but also a compressor which pumps air into the wings. The air is allowed to leak from the wings along slots some way in advance of their trailing edges. This is the transition point, where the air flow otherwise tends to break down. With the air from within the wing flowing out along these slots, it is claimed, the tendency for the other air to become turbulent is checked.

One can put the whole thing very crudely by saying that the air passing the machine's wings and body is kept smooth by providing other air to join it at critical points and lead it along the right path.

The whole thing is a most advanced conception; but if it works it will have a profound effect upon all light aeroplanes in the future. I am not going to express any views as yet, for there will be time enough when the first experimental machine has done enough flying to provide some hard facts.

Statistics and Confidence

THE retent diminution in air line bookings forces me to refer again to the vexed subject of statistics. Some say that people take no notice of statistics, and that when air line companies issue them it has no effect in creating renewed confidence in air travel.

But the fact is that the air line companies do not issue statistics in general, they issue selected statistics. I do not suggest that they do anything dishonest in making selections; but no selection can satisfy the inquirer after truth. For that inquirer there must be all the figures—or at any rate all the figures must be available.

So the right course for the air line companies is to issue the statistics they think interesting and useful, and at the same moment to make available to the Press or to any genuine inquirers all other statistics. There has been much too much secrecy about the Corporations. There are too many figures kept locked away from the public.

And in the end it will not work. Success comes more readily nowadays to the company that is absolutely frank with the public. It has been seen in a thousand commercial undertakings. The air line company that came out with all the figures, good, bad and indifferent, would enjoy a large increase in public confidence.

Records Again

GOOD news is coming in about records. Several important record attempts under the F.A.I. rules will probably be made this year. It is certain that the Americans will make another attempt to take the world speed record from us, and their preparations are already well ahead.

They have already done a higher speed under record conditions, but the margin between their speed and the Meteor speed was not enough (eight kilometres an hour) to enable a fresh record to be claimed.

I do not think that we shall be found lacking if the Americans do take the record from us, and I hope that by the 1948 Paris show, we shall still be able to substantiate the claim of being the makers of the world's fastest aircraft.

What our plans are for this year I do not yet know in any detail. But there are several probabilities. The time when the record attempts will be made is likely to be towards the latter part of the summer.



Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., tasted some cakes made without fat when visiting the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. She was very interested in the efforts of the Food Ministry's experimental cooks to make the fat ration go further

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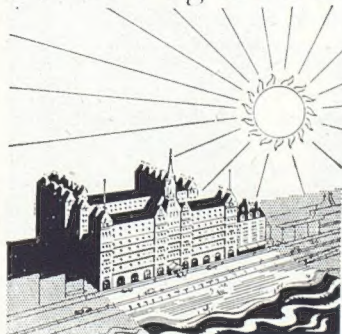

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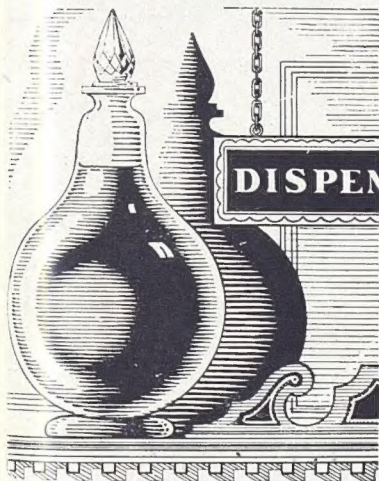
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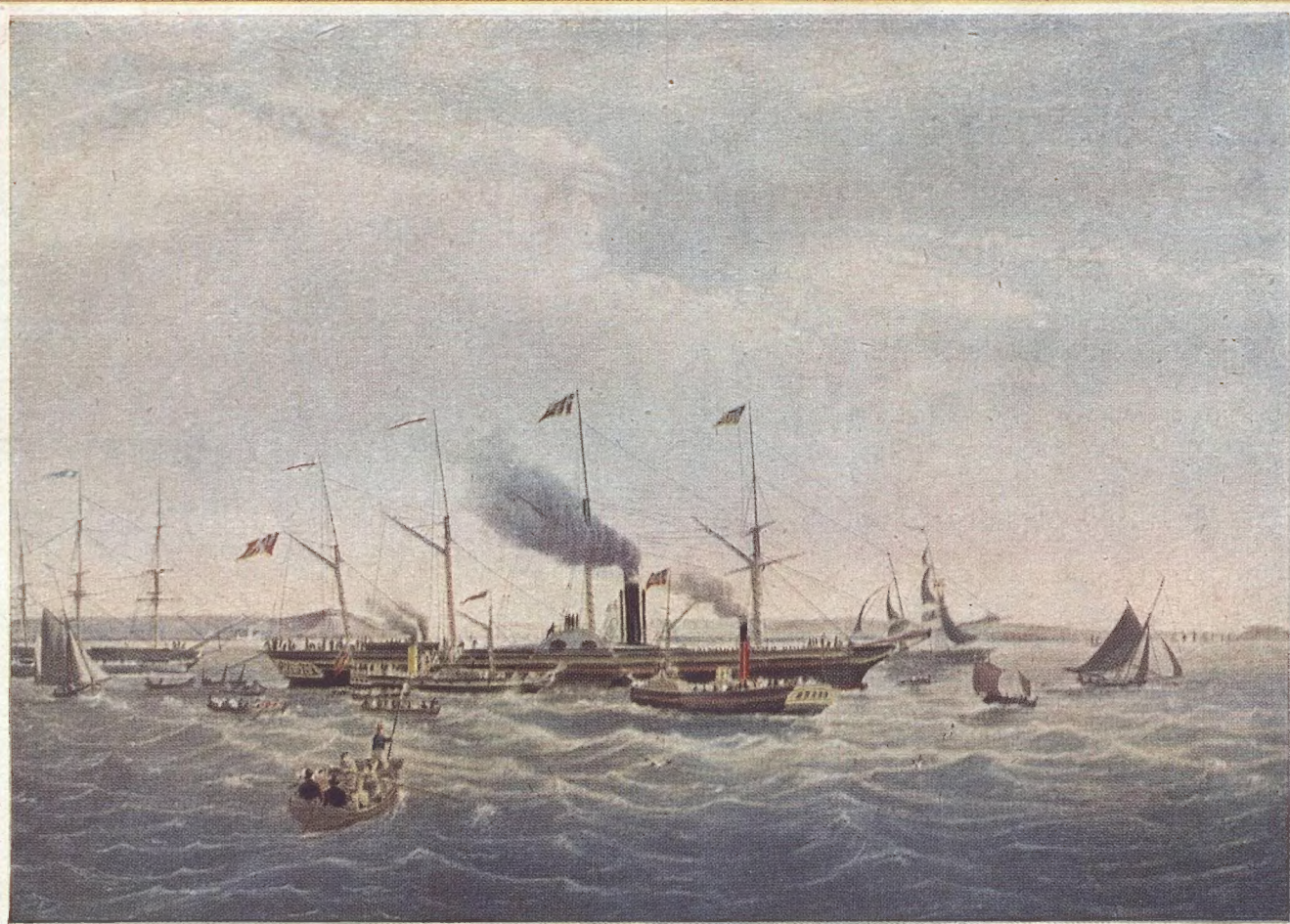
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